

THE
Geese in Disgrace,
A
T A L E.

Humbly inscribed to the
CORPORATION
OF
P—tf—th.



PORTSMOUTH:

Printed by *W. Horton*, for J. WILKINSON,
near the *Point Gates*,

MDCCLI.

1746.1.22.25



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Printed by W. L. Jones for J. W. Harrison
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IN Days of yore, when Brutes (content
With Nature's Laws and Government)
Knew no Ambition, Envy, Strife,
Or any Bane of social Life,
Each had his Pleasure, each his Joy, 5
Each bore some Title, or Employ,
Each knew his Duty, Rank and Place,
The Fox " My Lord, the Wolf " Your Grace,
The Afs, " Your Honour, and the Goose
" Good Mr. Alderman! What News? 10
No modern Government of State
Was half so happy, half so great;
Their Laws (a Barrier to Distress)
Were nicely fram'd for Happiness;

B

Their

15 Their Regulations were design'd
 To make all Creatures of one Mind,
 And whilst the *Golden Age* prevail'd
 This happy Issue never fail'd:
 What Pitty 'tis such wholesome Laws,
 20 Have fall'n a Prey to *Saturn's* Claws!
 That Envy, Malice, Discord, Hate,
 Should now preside in ev'ry State!
 What fordid Avarice we find
 Possess the Helm of ev'ry Mind!
 5 Ambition, the prevailing Lust,
 Like Sheep, *All* pressing to be first.
 The Consequence is plain and clear,
 As by Example may appear.

A little Colony of *Geese*,
 30 Who long had peckt their Corn in Peace,
 Were Strangers to *Domestick* Jars,
 Nor fear'd th' Effects of foreign Wars;
 For this, both Art and Nature join'd,
 High Walls secur'd their *Pen* behind,
 5 A spacious *Ditch* close to their *Door*
 Prevented all Attacks before;
 No Fox or Stote disturb'd their Ease,
 They eat, they drink, do what they please,

Dispute

Dispute, commend, or disapprove,
Yet all was Harmony and Love. 40

THESE *Geese* became incorporate,
Whether by *Charter* out of Date
Or Grant more modern, 'tis all one,
And not so needful to be shewn.
Let it suffice, " That three and ten 5
Were dub'd " The Mayor and Aldermen,
" That Custom, or their Charter sent
" Two Members up to Parliament;
But as that House would not admit
Of *Geese* to be return'd and sit, 50
Well judging that such shallow Pates
Were ne'er intended for Debates,
They wisely paid the Compliment
Of chosing those the *Eagle* sent.

THIS *Eagle* was their Lord supreme 5
His Eye was sharp, his Talons keen,
His Power extensive, and his Word
Pass'd for a Law with ev'ry *Bird*;
'Twas his Decree; The little *Hawke*
(Ordain'd for *Drubbing* more than Talk) 60
Was very fit to represent
This cackling Flock in Parliament;
None

None disobey'd their Sovereign's Word,
 " We'll chose, whoe'er you please, my Lord ;
 " Our Wills and Int'rests are the same ;
 " We must approve the Bird you name.

WHILST Matters stood in this Condition,
 Peace was the Offspring of Submission ;
 Their Happiness was quite compleat,
 70 Their Granarys were still replete,
 With Vetches, Barley, Oats and Wheat. }

BUT mark Ambition's dire Effect !
 The Goose that climbs can ne'er expect
 His Legs or Neck will be so sound
 5 As if he waddled on the Ground.

ONE of the *Aldermen*, 'tis true,
 Had much of Meat and Honour too ;
 But to his Credit be it said,
 He labour'd for his daily Bread ;
 00 He hew'd and chopt great *Oaken-Blocks*
 To make the *Eagle's Pop-Gun* Stocks ;
 But 'twas imagin'd that his Gains
 At least, were equal to his Pains ;
 Be that as 'twill ; 'twas plainly such
 5 As caus'd his being envy'd much ;

Besides

Besides 'twas evident and clear
 He shar'd too much the *Eagle's* Ear,
 And he might possibly suggest
 Things not so true, or kind, at best.

FROM hence great Jealousies were bred, 90
 Too soon the dire Contagion spread,
 " Some saw no Reason why one *Brother*
 " Should have the Preference of another ;
 " Some hinted that their daily Bread
 " Should fairly be distributed ; 5
 But honestly to state the Case,
 Each Goose was hankering for a Place.

THE Thing that first employ'd their Care
 Was how to rout the *Carpenter*.
 Two *Black-crown'd* Geese of middle-Age, 700
 (By some call'd, *Cunning* ; few thought *Sage*)
 Who oft had smother'd Discontent,
 And long on Mischief been intent,
 Now found it opportune to try
 The Force of Independency. 5
 The Means that they propos'd were these
 To make some *Goslings*--*Burgesses*.

A Court was summon'd for that End
 The Day was fixt, and all attend,
 110 Except the *Carpenter*, and He
 Knew nothing of this *Treachery*.

THE Mayor advanc'd his *swarthy Face*,
 And *only bow'd* with *Goose-like Grace*;
 A Brother, who had learn'd to read,
 Became the Speaker in his Stead ;
 " My dearest Friends ! with Joy I see
 " Your Disposition to be free,
 " How much I wish'd this happy Hour,
 " How much detest the Eagle's Power,
 120 " How long abhorr'd this servile State,
 " I find is needless to relate.
 " There's not a Look but plainly tells
 " What Rancour in each Bosom dwells ;
 " This Day shall give us Liberty
 5 " And crush our vile Dependency ;
 " If you approve of my Intent,
 " I dare believe you'll not repent.

" *You Geese* that are dispos'd to eat
 " Your Share of Corn, *Hold up your Feet!*

THE Question put, such as were able 130
 Hoisted their *Giblets* on the Table ;
 One *bald-pate*, lame, decrepit Bird
 Neither his Legs or Pinions stir'd,
 Not that he varied from the rest,
 But Gout his Limbs had so possess'd 3
 That tho' 'twas *Bliss divine* to eat,
 He could not gather up his Meat.
 This seem'd to be a Judgment sent
 From Heav'n, by Way of Punishment
 For all the Vices of a Life 740
 Employ'd in propagating *Strife*.

Two others seem'd to hesitate
 And put their Feet up very late ;
 The Cause by ev'ry Goose was known
 They both were *Servants* of the Crown ; 5
 The One collected *Herbs and Seeds*,
 Let *Blood and chyster'd Invalids* ;
 The other circulated *News*,
 And am'rous *Goslings Billet-doux* ;
 These Places yielding certain Pay,
 Were thought too good to fool away. 150

THE *Tempter* smoaking their Distress,
 With Art continu'd his Address.

“ My

“ My Friends, says he, dispel this Fear,
5 “ Depend upon my constant Care,
“ Whatever *Losses* may attend
“ Your Struggles for this glorious End,
“ If I don't faithfully supply,
“ The Day I fail you, let me die!

160 By these Allurements both concurr'd,
Nor longer to the Scheme demurr'd.

The Gossins waiting at the Door,
Were now call'd in; about *Three Score*;
The major Part of these ne'er fled,
5 Still bearing *Egg-shells* on the Head.

A saucy Hern brought up the Rear
(Stranger to Modesty or Fear)
His Fare was sumptuous ev'ry Day,
Poor silly *Gudgeons* were his Prey;
170 Sometimes a foolish *Trout* wou'd get
Within the Foldings of his Net.

SAYS he, “ Your Worships so well know /
“ The Strength and Number of the Foe,
“ It makes it needless to advise
5 “ A Junction with your best Allies;
“ Such

“ Such are the *Herns* of old Renown;
“ We’ll bring this *Eagle*’s Spirit down,
“ Make me a *Burgefs*, you fhall fee
“ I’ll teach the *Chap*---Humility.

’Tis fuch Impertinence as this — 100
Which gains the Hearts of filly Geefe.

“ ’TWAS very kind” They all confest
And fwore him in among the reft.

Their Folly reach’d the *Eagle*’s Ears
And foon the *noble Bird* appears; — 5

“ WHAT’s to be done? you ftupid Crew?
“ Muft I, your Sovereign, ftoop to you?
“ Shall you compel me to prefer,
“ The Goose you chofe for Carpenter?
“ If e’er you had no Corn to eat, — 196
“ Or had been ftinted in your Meat,
“ Or not fupply’d with beft of Grain,
“ There might be Reafon to complain;
“ But I have very often thought
“ Your *Geefefhips* better fed than taught; 5
“ Perhaps you foon, too foon, may fee
“ The Fruits of Independency;

D

“ Henceforth

" Henceforth let all your Clamours cease

" Be gone! I hate such grumbling Geese.

2 ON ev'ry Face Confusion sat,

Each dreading his impending Fate ;

Their Folly they confess with Shame,

And curse Ambition's very Name ;

" They hope his Lordship will forgive

" Or else what *mortal* Goose can live?

BUT this Submission was in vain

The Eagle heard them with Disdain,

" 'Tis my Command you quit the *Pen*,

" And seek your Food in yonder *Fen* ;

" There learn Obedience to your Lord,

" If you design to be restor'd ;

" Till then I solemnly ordain

" No Goose shall touch one single Grain.

Their *Sentence* publish'd, they retire

And spend their Time in *Dirt and Mire* ;

No Joy by Day, by Night no Rest,

With Cold and pinching Want oppress'd,

They still lament that fatal Hour

In which they dar'd the *Eagle's Power*.

The Moral of the Tale is this ;

(Design'd for Men as well as Geese)

Contentment is the greatest Bliss.

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F I N I S.